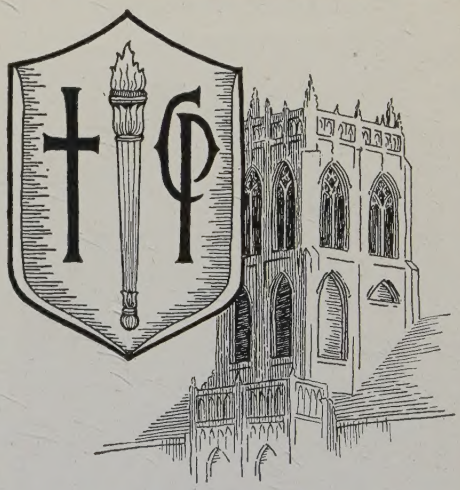
BALLADS FOR ACTING

ARRANGED BY

V. B. LAWTON



COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC

BALLADS FOR ACTING

College of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

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LONDON
THE SHELDON PRESS
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C. 2
NEW YORK AND TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN CO.

First published in 1927

23759
PR
6000
L425
B19

Printed in Great Britain

A WORD OF EXPLANATION

Miss Lawton has done a really good turn to all those who love a bit o' acting. The usual series of short plays is limited to inevitable old maiden ladies with equally inevitable "slaveys." Broken cups and saucers have provided comic relief, mistaken identities the only plot. But here is real drama and melodrama too, in traditional form with traditional words and music, and all within the scope of Guides and Clubs, and of those who come home for the holidays. We are given an English version of the Chauve Souris that can be acted and staged in a moment, and should have the appearance of a woodcut that has come to life. And Ballads are literature, a literature that embodies the mind and character of a people, a literature that should be continually revived and brought again to popularity. And we gain rather than lose when such ballads retain local dialect.

So we will rattle the tambourine and beat the drum, and cry: "Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and take your seats for the show!"

ELMA K. PAGET.

President of the North-West Division, National Council of Girls' Clubs.

25759

FOREWORD

822.91 L44

The idea of the ballad-play is pantomimic. The whole of the ballad may be sung by a Bard or Chorus, the actors performing the story in dumb-show; or the principals may "speak" the words which fall to them in the ballad, while the air is played softly, the Bard or Chorus taking up the story, as is here arranged. It should be remembered that the effect aimed at is pictorial, and all grouping of characters not in action should be arranged with that idea.

In some instances it has been thought advisable to alter the wording of certain verses. Where this has been done, the original words are given for comparison before the play concerned.

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SUGGESTIONS

The Stage

If it can be managed, an inner stage, with a framework of curtains, is the most effective setting. This can be more brilliantly lighted than the fore-stage, and it also allows for the better disposal of the Chorus. If the main stage, however, is too small for this to be done, it should itself be "framed" by curtains. No scenery is required; a neutral background of sacking or dark green curtains, which will throw up the bright colours of the costumes and the actions of the performers, is all that is necessary. Properties, also, are reduced to a minimum. "The Play's the thing."

Where "curtain" is indicated, it is for the purpose of facilitating the regrouping of characters or moving of properties, and also to suggest a transference of scene. Except in one or two instances, it should be drawn and reopened immediately.

The Bard or Chorus

The Bard should be seated R. forefront, as though watching the scenes his tale calls forth. He should be dressed in the costume of the period.

The Chorus should be grouped, R. and L. forefront, so as not to interfere with the action of the

performers or the view of the audience. Their costumes should be of some dull colour, greens, browns, buffs, etc.; the males might wear jerkins and knee-breeches, and the females high-waisted gowns with white kerchiefs; or all might wear coloured smocks.

The Chorus, of course, takes a great interest in the performance, and may occasionally introduce exclamations, expressive gestures, etc., but all must be strictly subordinate to the action of the play.

The Music (*See Appendix*)

Much depends on the pianist! The music should be practically continuous, and must, of course, be of the period of the ballads, or approximate. Suggestions for suitable incidental music, and traditional airs, will be found in the Appendix, but modulation from one air or key to another, in order to avoid monotony, and occasional descriptive sounds (*e.g.*, the galloping horses in "The Duke of Gordon's Daughter")—all this depends on the skill of the hard-worked pianist! Then, too, the ballads themselves require a good deal of adapting to their traditional airs, and singers and accompanist must be thoroughly acquainted with all the vagaries of words and tune.

The Costumes

The expense of the costumes is usually an item to be seriously considered, but it is wonderful what can be done with sateen, butter-muslin, and coloured

paper. Butter-muslin is very easily dyed, and if ironed wet becomes beautifully stiff, so that it will stand out well for the ladies' hooped gowns.

Most of the costumes can be modelled on Lovat Fraser's designs for the "Beggar's Opera," while an illustrated "Arabian Nights" will furnish ideas for the Eastern scene in "Lord Bateman." There are also several excellent fancy-dress pattern books, price only sixpence, which would no doubt be found very helpful.

The soldiers in "The Duke of Gordon's Daughter" would wear white knee-breeches, a long-skirted scarlet coat buttoned to the waist and belted, a black three-cornered hat, black shoes and white stockings or gaiters. The officers could be distinguished by gold braid, and a white cockade in the hat, with swords in place of muskets.

The sailors in that play and in "Lord Bateman" would require only long blue trousers, different coloured flannel shirts open at the throat, and long pointed stockinette caps or stiff round straw hats.

In "The Undaunted Female" the robbers should be in dark jerkins and breeches, great wide-topped boots, their hats pulled down over their eyes, their faces heavily masked, and their belts bristling with huge pistols and daggers. This ballad could be acted entirely by boys, the largest one taking the part of the Undaunted Female.

The costumes of the goodman and his wife in "The Barring of the Door" would be fairly simple. A skirted coat and knee-breeches of rough dark material, thick worsted stockings and great muddy boots would suffice for the man, and for the good-

wife a striped skirt, white stockings and black shoes, a dark bodice, a small cross-over check shawl, a mob cap and a large apron.

Let the colouring be vivid. Where economy must be practised, keep as much as possible to the primary colours, red, blue, and yellow.

THE PRETTY PLAY OF THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER

CHARACTERS

N.B.—Characters bracketed can, if necessary, be taken by the same person.

THE BARD OR CHORUS

THE DUKE OF GORDON.	ELIZABETH.
CAPTAIN OGILVIE.	MARGARET.
AN OFFICER.	JEAN.
SOLDIERS.	
SAILORS.	
TWO MESSENGERS.	
A PORTER.	
A BOY.	

ATTENDANTS *ad lib.*

PROPERTIES

A couch (a bench draped, left standing against the background).
Two sealed missives.
A large doll for Lady Jean's baby.
A trunk.

ALTERED VERSES

In the Ballad	In the Play
I will not hang Captain Ogilvie For no lord that I see ; But I'll gar him put off the broad scarlet, And put on the single livery.	I will not hang Captain Ogilvie For no lord that I see ; But I'll gar him put off the broad scarlet, And put on a private's livery.
If this be for bonny Jeannie Gordon, This penance I can take wi' ; If this be for dear Jeannie Gordon, All this and mair will I dree.	If this be for bonny Jeannie Gordon, This penance I can take ; If this be for dear Jeannie Gordon, I will do it for her sake.
Lady Jean had not been married A year but only three, Till she had a babe upon every arm, And another upon her knee.	Lady Jean had not been married A year but only three, Till she found her life a burden, A burden she couldna dree.
Overseas now went the Captain, As a soldier under command ; But a message soon followed after, To come home for to heir his land ;	Overseas now went the Captain, As a soldier under command ; But a message soon followed after, To come home to inherit his land.
Down the stair Lady Jean came tripping, With the saut tear in her e'e ; She had a babe in every arm, And another at her knee.	Down the stair Lady Jean came tripping, With the saut tear in her e'e ; Life to her had been a burden, Wi'out her Ogilvie.

N.B.—"Private" is substituted for "single" throughout the ballad.

THE

DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER

FIRST EPISODE

The curtains open revealing the DUKE'S *three daughters, dressed for travelling, standing C.; each curtseys as her name is sung by the* CHORUS, *and all defiantly shake their heads and frown at the words "They would not stay," etc. During the last line and following incidental music, a boy enters L., and passes across and out R., carrying a trunk. The three daughters with stately steps, but merry smiles, turn and follow him.*

CHORUS:

The Duke of Gordon had three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret and Jean.
They would not stay in bonny Castle Gordon,
But they went to bonny Aberdeen.

Gay music which changes to something softer as JEAN *enters R., and* CAPTAIN OGILVIE *L.; they meet and make love.* CAPTAIN OGILVIE *kneels and entreats, as the* CHORUS *sings.*

CHORUS:

They had not been in bonny Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Lady Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,
And awa' with him she would gae.

[LADY JEAN *consents, and they escape on tiptoe, R. Soft music.*

SECOND EPISODE

As they go off R., the DUKE *enters L., and reclines on the couch. The sound of a galloping horse is heard. A messenger enters R., and with appropriate gestures and distressed looks evidently gives the news which the* CHORUS *sings :*

CHORUS:

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean was in love with Captain Ogilvie,
And from him she would not stay.

(*The* DUKE *sits up, staring at the messenger with incredulous amazement. His face darkens, and he springs to his feet.*)

DUKE (*almost shouting*):

Go saddle to me the black horse,
And you'll ride on the grey,
And I will gang to bonny Aberdeen
Forthwith to bring her away.

[*The messenger springs off R., and the* DUKE *strides after him, shaking his fist in the air; and as the curtain is drawn and reopened, the sound of galloping horses can be heard.*

CURTAIN.

THIRD EPISODE

The DUKE *strides in L., followed by the messenger.* ELIZABETH *and* MARGARET *enter timidly R. As the* CHORUS *sings, the* DUKE *eyes them up and down fiercely, and they, trembling, cling to one another.*

CHORUS:

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only one,
Till he met with his two daughters—
But awa' was Lady Jean.

DUKE (*harshly*):

Where is your sister, maidens ?
Where is your sister now ?
Say what is become of your sister,
That she is not walking with you ?
(*The two girls fall on their knees, weeping.*)

ELIZABETH *and* MARGARET:

" O pardon us, honour'd father—
O pardon us," they did say;
" Lady Jean is wed with Captain Ogilvie,
And from him she will not stay."
[*The* DUKE *stamps his foot with rage, and strides off R., followed by the messenger and his two daughters, wringing their hands.*

The music changes to a march, and CAPTAIN OGILVIE *enters L. with his men. They march round and form up at the back of the stage facing front.*

CHORUS:

Then an angry man the Duke rode on,
Till he came to bonny Aberdeen,

And there did he see brave Captain Ogilvie
A-training of his men on the green.

Enter the DUKE *R., purple with passion.*

DUKE:

O woe be to thee, thou Captain Ogilvie!
And an ill death thou shalt dee.
For taking to thee my daughter Jean
High hangit shalt thou be.

(The DUKE *glares fiercely at* CAPTAIN OGILVIE, *who returns him a haughty stare, and as the* CHORUS *sings the next two verses, he elaborately draws out a snuff-box, takes a pinch with ostentatious enjoyment, and flicks his laced tunic with a dainty handkerchief.)*

CHORUS:

The Duke has written a broad letter
To the King (with his own han');
It was to hang Captain Ogilvie,
If ever he hang'd a man.

" I will not hang Captain Ogilvie
For no lord that I see;
But I'll gar him put off the broad scarlet,
And put on a private's livery."

Enter R. an officer and the DUKE'S *messenger, who hand* CAPTAIN OGILVIE *a parchment, on reading which he submits himself to be denuded of his gold-laced tunic, sword, hat, etc.; these are taken by two of the soldiers, who hand him a private's tunic and hat. The* DUKE *watches with a scornful smile. Drums roll ominously.*

CHORUS:

Now word came to Captain Ogilvie
In the chamber where he lay,
To cast off the gold lace and scarlet,
And to put on a private's livery.

(*The officer and men fall back, leaving the* CAPTAIN, *in private's uniform, alone C. He looks down at his new livery, then proudly throws back his head.*)

CAPTAIN OGILVIE:

If this be for bonny Jeannie Gordon,
This penance I can take;
If this be for dear Jeannie Gordon,
I will do it for her sake.

[*He takes his place in the ranks, and all march off R., the* DUKE *waving his hand mockingly off L. Music.*

CURTAIN.

FOURTH EPISODE

Soft plaintive music. Enter L. CAPTAIN OGILVIE (*as a private*) *and* LADY JEAN. LADY JEAN *carries the baby in her arms. She is limping and weary, and* CAPTAIN OGILVIE *supports her in his arms. They group L.*

CHORUS:

Lady Jean had not been married
A year but only three,
Till she found her life a burden,
A burden she couldna dree.

(LADY JEAN *sinks down on a stone near by, and rocks herself to and fro.*)

LADY JEAN:

O but I'm weary of wand'rin'!
O but my fortune is bad!
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a soldier lad.

O but I'm weary, weary wand'rin'!
O but I think it lang!
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a private man.

(CAPTAIN OGILVIE *kneels down beside her, and puts his arm round her.*)

CAPTAIN OGILVIE (*tenderly*):

O hold thy tongue, Jeannie Gordon;
O hold thy tongue, my lamb.
For once I was a noble Captain,
Now for thy sake a private I am.

(*They rise and advance slowly across the stage.*)

CHORUS:

But when they came to the Highland hills,
Cold was the frost and snow;
Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,
No farther could she go.

(LADY JEAN *stumbles. She makes a despairing gesture, thrusts the baby into her husband's arms, and, burying her face for a moment in her cloak, she gives herself over to grief. Then, raising a woebegone face, she sings mournfully, showing her worn shoes and shabby dress.*)

LADY JEAN:

Now woe to the hills and the mountains,
Woe to the wind and the rain!
My feet is sair wi' going barefoot:
No farther can I gang.

O were I in the glens o' Foudlen,
Where hunting I have been,
I would go to bonny Castle Gordon;
There I'd get hose and sheen!

[*She passes out R., and the* CAPTAIN *follows her. Soft music.*

The PORTER *enters L. and stares under his hand out R.; then turning to the Left wing, he shouts the words of the last line.*

CHORUS:

When they came to bonny Castle Gordon,
And standing on the green,
The porter out with loud, loud shout,

PORTER:

"O here comes our Lady Jean!"

Enter R. LADY JEAN *and* CAPTAIN OGILVIE. *The* DUKE, *followed by* ELIZABETH *and* MARGARET *and attendants, enters L.* JEAN *runs towards her father, who takes her in his arms. An attendant comes forward and takes the baby.*

DUKE:

You are welcome, bonny Jeannie Gordon,
You are dear welcome to me;

(*He kisses her, and putting his arm round her, half turns to lead her into the castle.*)

DUKE (*fiercely*):

You are welcome, dear Jeannie Gordon,
But awa' with your Ogilvie!

[*He leads* LADY JEAN *off L., the rest following. A loud clang denotes the shutting of the castle door.* CAPTAIN OGILVIE *is left sorrowful and alone. The* CHORUS *utters a long sigh of pity. Sad music.* CAPTAIN OGILVIE *turns, and with bowed head passes out R., as the curtain is drawn.*

CURTAIN.

FIFTH EPISODE

Music. Soldiers and sailors grouped. CAPTAIN OGILVIE *C., with arms folded, gazes over an imaginary sea. The sailors and soldiers, excited, point out R., and talk among themselves. A messenger enters R., with a letter which he presents to the* CAPTAIN.

CHORUS:

Overseas now went the Captain,
As a soldier under command,
But a message soon followed after
To come home to inherit his land.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE (*excitedly reading letter*):

"O what does this mean?" says the Captain;
"Where's my brother's children three?"—

MESSENGER (*also excited*):

"They are a' o' them dead and buried:
Come home, pretty Captain Ogilvie!"

CAPTAIN OGILVIE (*waving the sailors off*):

"Then hoist up your sail," says the Captain,
"And we'll hie back owre the sea:

And I'll gae to bonny Castle Gordon,
There my dear Jeannie to see."

[*Music, to which the sailors dance off and the soldiers march.* CAPTAIN OGILVIE, *talking eagerly with the messenger, goes off L.*

SIXTH EPISODE

The music changes. CAPTAIN OGILVIE, *still in private's uniform, strides in L., and blows a loud blast on a horn, which is answered by another blast from the right wing, from which steps the porter.*

CHORUS:

He came to bonny Castle Gordon
And upon the green stood he.
The porter out with a loud, loud shout,

PORTER:

"Here comes our Captain Ogilvie!"

The DUKE, ELIZABETH *and* MARGARET, *and attendants enter R., to gay martial music. The* DUKE *has heard of the* CAPTAIN'S *good fortune, and is all urbanity. He doffs his hat with a flourish, and comes forward with one hand outstretched in welcome towards the* CAPTAIN.

DUKE:

You're welcome, pretty Captain Ogilvie;
Your fortune's advanced, I hear.
No stranger can come to my castle
That I do love so dear.

(CAPTAIN OGILVIE *stands proudly erect, and puts his hands behind him.*)

CAPTAIN OGILVIE (*haughtily*):

Put up your hat, Duke of Gordon;
Let it fa' not from your head.
It never set the noble Duke of Gordon
To bow to a private soldier lad.

(*The* DUKE *falls back discomfited.*)

CAPTAIN OGILVIE:

Sir, the last time I was at your castle
You would not let me in!
Now I'm come for my wife and child,
No friendship else I claim.

All stand back to make room for LADY JEAN, *who runs in R. with the baby in her arms, and stands for a moment timidly hesitating, before flying to the* CAPTAIN'S *open arms.*

(*The* CHORUS *might sing the whole of the last two verses, leaving* CAPTAIN OGILVIE *free for the tableau.*)

CHORUS:

Down the stair Lady Jean came tripping,
With the saut tear in her e'e.
Life to her had been a burden
Wi'out her Ogilvie.

The Captain took her straight in his arms,
—O a happy man was he—
Saying, " Welcome, bonny Jeannie Gordon.
My Countess o' Cumberland to be!"

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

THE PATHETIC HISTORY OF THE HEIR OF LINNE

CHARACTERS

N.B.—Characters bracketed can, if necessary, be taken by the same person.

THE BARD OR CHORUS

THE HEIR OF LINNE.
JOHN O' THE SCALES.
SIR NED MAGNEW.
NOBLES, ETC.
A LANDLORD.

THE NURSE.
WIFE TO JOHN O' THE SCALES.

PROPERTIES

A large table.
A small gaming-table.
Drinking vessels.
Cards and dice.
Money-bags.
Gold coins.
A chest.
A small key.
A palmer's staff

ALTERED VERSES

In the Ballad.	In the Play.
His father and mother were dead him fro', And so was the head o' his kin; To the cards and dice that he did run, Did neither cease nor blin.	His father and mother were dead him fro', And so was the head o' his kin; To the cards and dice that he did run, They did cause his sad ruin.
Till that he found a little door, And therein slipp'd the key; And there he found three chests in fere Of the red and the white money.	Till that he found a little door, And therein slipp'd the key; And there he found three goodly chests, Of the red and the white monie.
Back then through the nobles a' He went and did not blin, Until he cam' where John o' the Scales Was seated at the wine.	Back then through the nobles a' He went and did not stay, Until he cam' where John o' the Scales Sat drinking a' the day.
I tak' ye to witness, nobles a'! (He cast him a God's pennye) I will buy them twenty pound better cheap Nor ever he bought of me.	I tak' ye to witness, nobles a'! (I cast him a God's pennye) I will buy them twenty pound better cheap Nor ever he bought of me.

THE HEIR OF LINNE

PRELUDE

The HEIR OF LINNE *stands, dejected and alone, his clothes shabby, his appearance unkempt. He gazes off L., as though at the gates of the castle.*

CHORUS:

The bonny heir, the well-faur'd heir,
  The weary heir o' Linne—
Yonder he stands at his father's yetts,
  And naebody bids him in.

[*The* HEIR *half-lifts his arms, and lets them drop with a weary, hopeless gesture, and turns and goes off R. slowly, with bowed head.*

CHORUS:

O see for he gangs, and see for he stands,
  The unthrifty heir o' Linne!
O see for he stands on the cold causey,
  And nane bids him come in!

CURTAIN.

FIRST EPISODE

As the CHORUS *sings, the curtains slowly open, revealing the* HEIR, *well-dressed and groomed, with his evil companions, including* JOHN O' THE SCALES, *drinking round a table. Their game is finished, the cards and dice are scattered on the table and on the floor. The* HEIR *is standing R. front, his back to his friends, a look of shame and horror on his face—for he cannot pay his debts!*

CHORUS:

His father and mother were dead him fro',
And so was the head o' his kin;
To the cards and dice that he did run,
They did cause his sad ruin.

To drink the wine that was so clear,
With all he would mak' merrye.
And then bespoke him John o' the Scales,
To the Heir o' Linne said he:

(JOHN O' THE SCALES *strolls over to the* HEIR *with insolent assurance.*)

JOHN:

How doest thou, thou Lord of Linne?
Doest want or gold or fee?
Wilt thou not sell thy lands so broad
To such a good fellow as me?

(*He leads him back to the table, sweeps cards and dice on to the floor, brings a bag out of his pocket, and counts out the money with contemptuous triumph, while the*

HEIR *scrawls an acknowledgment on a piece of paper and hands it to him.*)

CHORUS:

He told the gold upon the board,
Wanted never a bare pennye;

JOHN:

The gold is thine, the land is mine,
The heir of Linne I will be.

(*The* HEIR *picks up the money with a laugh, pushes different amounts across the table to his various creditors, while the landlord brings in another flagon of wine, from which they all fill their glasses and drink, some to the* HEIR *and some to* JOHN O' THE SCALES.)

THE HEIR:

"Here's gold enow," said the Heir o' Linne,
For me and my companye."

CHORUS:

He drank the wine that was so clear,
And with all he made merrye.

(*The* HEIR *passes to the centre, behind the table. Someone picks up the dice, and they all gather round and begin to throw again rapidly. They lean excitedly over the table, and suddenly push back their chairs, stand up with looks of disgust at the* HEIR, *and go off severally R. and L., repeating the words of the* CHORUS, "*to the de'il ye'se gang*" *with angry scowls. The* HEIR *is left alone, C. back, staring blankly in front of him.*)

CHORUS:

Within three-quarters of a year
His gold it waxèd thin;
His merrye men were from him gone,
Bade him "To the de'il ye'se gang!"

CURTAIN.

SECOND EPISODE

The HEIR *stands leaning against the side, L., shabby and unkempt as in the Prelude; he sings mournfully.*

THE HEIR:

"Now well-a-day!" said the Heir o' Linne,
"I have left not one pennye.
God be with my father!" he said.
"On his land he lived merrilye!"

(*He bends his head and rests his forehead on his arm against the wall, a figure of utter woe.*)

CHORUS:

His nourice at her window look't,
Beholding dale and down;
And she beheld this distress'd young man
Come walking to the town.

Enter the NURSE *R. She has run out hastily—her "mutch" is slightly awry, and she stands an instant to compose herself, gazing sadly and affectionately at the young man.*

NURSE (*sings*):

O see for he gangs and see for he stands,
The weary heir o' Linne!
O see for he stands on the cold causey,
And nane bids him come in!

(*As she sings, the* HEIR *lifts his head and listens, half-dazed with misery. Then he turns, sees his old nurse, and strides towards her with outstretched hands; she meets him C.*)

THE HEIR:

Sing owre again that sang, nourice,
The sang ye sung just now.

NURSE:

I never sang a song i' my life
But I would sing owre to you.

(*She takes his hand, and motions with the other towards her house off R.*)

NURSE:

"Come here, come here, Willy," she said,
"And rest yoursel' wi' me;
I hae seen ye in better days,
And in jovial companye."

THE HEIR:

Gie me a sheave o' your bread, nourice,
And a bottle o' your wine,
And I will pay it you owre again
When I am lord of Linne.

(*They move slowly towards the right as they sing, stopping from time to time.*)

NURSE:

Ye'se get a sheave o' my bread, Willy,
And a bottle o' my wine;
But ye'll pay me when the seas gang dry,
For ye'll ne'er be lord o' Linne.

(*The* HEIR *straightens himself suddenly, his pride touched to the quick. He gives her a reproachful look, drops her hand and turns and strides off L. She raises her hands and eyes in amazement.*)

CHORUS:

Then he turned him right and round about,
As will a woman's son,
And aff he set and bent his way
And cam' to the house o' Linne.

CURTAIN.

The HEIR *stands L., a Palmer's staff in his hand, gazing at* JOHN O' THE SCALES, *at the head of a table round which the nobles are sitting drinking. They turn and stare at the* HEIR, *and argue among themselves—one tosses him a coin which rolls unheeded to his feet.*

CHORUS:

But when he cam' to that castle
They were sat down to dine;
A score of nobles there he saw
Sat drinking at their wine.

Then some bade gie him beef and fish,
And some but bane and fin,
And some bade gie him naething at a',
But let the palmer gang.

(JOHN O' THE SCALES *smiles insolently, draws a silver cup towards him and fills it from his own tankard. He pushes it across the table, signing to one of the lords to pass it to the* HEIR.)

CHORUS:

Then out it speaks him John o' the Scales,
A saucey word spak' he:

JOHN:

Put round the cup, give the beggar a sup,
Let him fare on his way.

CHORUS:

Then out it speaks Sir Ned Magnew,
Ane o' young Willy's kin;

SIR NED (*mockingly, raising a quizzing-glass*):

This youth was once a sprightly boy
As ever lived in Linne.

[*The* HEIR *swings round on his heel, hot with shame. He grasps his staff, and thrusts one hand in his bosom. Then he starts, for he feels the small key hung round his neck, and remembers his mother's words. He draws out the key and gazes at it, while a look of hope and determination brightens his face. In the meantime, after staring a little at him, the nobles resume their carousing, laughing, talking and drinking toasts. The* HEIR, *casting a look of hatred at them, strides off R.*

CHORUS:

He turned him right and round about,
As will a woman's son,
Then minded him on a little wee key,
That his mother left to him.

His mother left him this little wee key
A little before she deed;
And bade him keep this little wee key,
Till he was in maist need.

CURTAIN.

INTERLUDE

CHORUS:

Then forth he went, these nobles left
All drinking in the room;
Wi' walking rod intill his hand
He walk'd the castle roun';

Till that he found a little door,
And therein slipp'd the key;
And there he found three goodly chests
Of the red and the white monie.

(*The curtains open slightly, just sufficiently to show the* HEIR *kneeling in front of an open chest, from which he is filling his bag with gold coins. The curtains close.*)

CHORUS:

Back then through the nobles a'
He went and did not stay,
Until he cam' where John o' the Scales
Sat drinking a' the day.

FOURTH EPISODE

The curtains open on the scene of the close of Episode III., the carousal still continuing. The HEIR *strides in L., a well-filled money-bag in his hand, and approaches* JOHN O' THE SCALES, *who mockingly lifts his tankard to him.*

CHORUS:

Then out and spake it John o' the Scales,
He spak' wi' mock and jeer:

JOHN:

I'd gie a seat to the Laird o' Linne
If sae be that he were here.

When the lands o' Linne a-selling were,
A' men said they were free;
I will sell them twenty pound better cheap
Nor ever I bought of thee.

THE HEIR (*triumphantly*):

I tak' ye to witness, nobles a'!
(I cast him a God's pennye)

(*He throws a coin as "earnest" money on the table.*)

I will buy them twenty pound better cheap
Nor ever he bought of me.

(*All spring to their feet, save* JOHN O' THE SCALES, *whose face grows sullen and dark. He rises slowly, and comes to the small gaming-table which the* HEIR *has dragged to the centre. The others group themselves behind, while the* HEIR *on one side the table counts over the money to* JOHN *at the other side.*)

CHORUS:

He's done him to the gaming-table,
For it stood fair and clean;
And there he's told as much rich gold
As freed the lands o' Linne.

He told the gold there over the board,
Wanted never a broad pennye;

THE HEIR (*exultantly*):

The gold is thine, the land is mine,
Lord o' Linne again I'll be.

(JOHN O' THE SCALES' *wife has entered unnoticed R., and stands watching with painful anxiety.*)

WIFE:

"Well-a-day!" said John o' the Scales' wife,
"Well-a-day, and woe is me!
Yesterday I was the Lady o' Linne,
And now I'm a naebody!"

[*She wrings her hands and departs.*

THE HEIR:

"Fare thee well," said the Heir o' Linne.
"Now, John o' the Scales!" said he

(*raising his clenched right hand to heaven*)

"A curse light on me if ever again
My lands be in jeopardye!"

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF LORD BATEMAN

CHARACTERS

N.B.—Characters bracketed can, if necessary, be taken by the same person.

THE BARD OR CHORUS

LORD BATEMAN.	SOPHIA.
THE PROUD PORTER.	THE BRIDE.
A FAT TURK.	THE BRIDE'S MOTHER.
SAILORS.	BRIDESMAIDS.
SLAVES.	
WEDDING GUESTS.	

PROPERTIES

A trunk, a chest, and two square boxes.
A bunch of keys.
A Persian carpet and two cushions.
A golden tray and two crystal goblets.
A dish of fruits.
A tchibouque.
A small brass bowl.
Two handsome chairs and footstools.
Another chair.

ALTERED VERSES

In the Ballad.	In the Play
She took him to her father's hall, And gave to him the best of wine; And all the healths she drank with him, "I wish, Lord Bateman, that you was mine."	She brought from her father's hall, And gave to him the best of wine; And all the healths she drank with him, "I wish, Lord Bateman, that you was mine."

LORD BATEMAN

FIRST EPISODE

LORD BATEMAN, *young, handsome, and splendidly dressed, stands C., laughingly watching the six sailors who have come for his trunks, etc., which are piled C. back. He takes a pinch of snuff and flicks a laced handkerchief, now clapping a jolly tar on the back encouragingly, now throwing back his head in laughter. The six sailors have approached the boxes, three on either side. The first two wrestle with a heavy leather trunk, on which "Lord Bateman" is painted in big white letters; finally one gets it on to his back, and the other supports it there. These two, the one bent double under his load, the other jumping from one side of him to the other as the trunk slips about, stagger round the stage and across the front and out R., followed by the next two, in single file, each carrying a square brightly coloured box on his head, very straight and solemn. The last two are left tugging and pushing at a huge chest, brass-bound, and having an enormous padlock. It refuses to move, until both sailors push, one putting his shoulder to it, when, just as the curtain begins (very slowly) to close, it sets off with a run and disappears R., with one sailor, leaving the other prostrate and* LORD BATEMAN *holding his sides with laughter.*

CHORUS:

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree;
He shipp'd himself on board a ship;
Some foreign country he would go see.

CHORUS (*repeats the verse.*)

CURTAIN.

SECOND EPISODE

While the scene is changing, and LORD BATEMAN *is sailing, the Hornpipe might be played, and the sound of the sailors dancing, with cries of "Heave-ho!" etc., could be heard. When all is ready the* CHORUS *begins to sing, but the curtain does not open until the end of the verse.*

CHORUS:

He sailèd east, he sailèd west,
Until he came to proud Turkey,
Where he was taken into prison,
Until of his life he was quite weary.

(*The curtain opens, and* LORD BATEMAN *is seen chained to a great tree trunk. He is pale and haggard, his clothes are dirty and torn.*)

CHORUS:

In this prison there grew a tree,
It grew so stout, it grew so strong;
And he was chained all by the middle,
Until his life was almost gone.

(SOPHIA, *a beautiful Turkish maiden, enters L.; she carries a big bunch of keys. They gaze at one another as the* CHORUS *sings.*)

CHORUS:

The Turk he had one only daughter,
The fairest that all eyes did see;
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And said Lord Bateman she would set free.

(SOPHIA *steps quickly up to him, and taking his right hand gently in her left, she sings in a soft rich voice*)

SOPHIA:

Have you got houses, have you got lands,
Does half Northumberland belong to you ?
What would you give to that fair young lady
That out of prison would set you free ?

(LORD BATEMAN, *who has been gazing in wonderment at this beautiful vision, now eagerly seizes her hand with both his, and hope lends strength to his voice as he vows.*)

LORD B.:

I have got houses, I have got land,
And half Northumberland belongs to me;
All this I would give to the fair young lady
That out of prison would set me free.

(*Soft music while* SOPHIA *bends down and tries the keys in the padlock which keeps him chained to the tree. At last the lock turns, the chain falls with a clang to the ground.* LORD BATEMAN *straightens himself with a look of joy, takes two*

strides to feel his freedom, then turns and kneels at SOPHIA'S *feet, gratefully pressing her hand to his lips.*)

A procession of slaves enters R., headed by a most terrifying fat old Turk, flourishing a huge scimitar. LORD BATEMAN *springs to his feet, thinking all is discovered and he must face death. But* SOPHIA *smiles, and lays her hand reassuringly on his arm. The Turk stands R. front with his back to the audience, watching the slaves as they come in, and pass round the back of the stage, and advance from the left towards* SOPHIA *and* LORD BATEMAN, *to lay their burdens before them. The first slave carries a rolled carpet, which he spreads on the ground C. front. The second carries two gorgeous cushions which he places side by side.* SOPHIA *and* LORD BATEMAN *seat themselves on the cushions, facing the audience. The third slave carries a golden tray on which are two crystal goblets filled with sparkling wine. The fourth slave places a dish of lovely fruits on the carpet before them. The fifth slave carries a tchibouque (Turkish pipe), the bowl of which he places a certain distance from* LORD BATEMAN, *then wheels round the long cherry tube, and kneeling on one knee, holds it in readiness for his hand to take as he feels inclined. The last slave carries a small brass bowl, from which rises a thin wraith of smoke, spreading sweet perfumes. This he places in the centre of the carpet. As the slaves deposit their various gifts, they take their places three on either side the carpet, facing across. The*

fierce old Turk, with a great flourish of his scimitar, stands behind SOPHIA *and* LORD BATEMAN.

CHORUS:

She brought from her father's hall
And gave to him the best of wine;
And all the healths she drank with him,
" I wish, Lord Bateman, that you was mine."

(*This verse may be repeated to give the slaves time to get to their places. The second time* SOPHIA *should sing the last line.*)

SOPHIA:

Seven years I will make a vow,
Seven years I will keep it strong;
If you will wed with no other woman,
I will wed with no other man.

(LORD BATEMAN *raises her hand again to his forehead and to his lips, to show his allegiance and his devotion. The Turk gives a final flourish of his scimitar.*)

CURTAIN.

THIRD EPISODE

The stage is empty. The background curtains are so arranged that an entry may be effected from the Centre. Near the Centre hangs a great old-fashioned bell-pull.

CHORUS:

Seven years been gone and past,
And fourteen days to keep it strong;
She packed up all her gay clothing,
And said, Lord Bateman she would go see.

Enter SOPHIA *R., in Turkish dress, a ring of great brilliance on every finger, and on one finger three rings; around her waist is a deep girdle of golden coins, and her face is hidden by the yashmak. She looks about eagerly, sees the bell-pull, and hastily gives it a vigorous pull with both hands A bell is heard clanging.*

CHORUS:

And when she came to Lord Bateman's castle,
There she boldly rang the bell.

(*The* PROUD PORTER—*who is something like the Frog-Footman in "Alice in Wonderland"—bursts out from between the curtains C. back, startling* SOPHIA *so that she retires hastily R. front; he advances as he sings, with a kind of goose-step, straight out to C. front.*)

PORTER:

"Who's there, who's there?" cried the proud young porter,
"Who's there, I pray now unto me tell."

(*He looks all about, then sees* SOPHIA. *His eyes grow round with amazement.* SOPHIA *advances timidly.*)

SOPHIA (*timidly*):

Is this—is this Lord Bateman's castle?
And is his lordship here within?

PORTER (*importantly*):

O yes, it is Lord Bateman's castle,
And he's just now returned with a new bride in.

(SOPHIA *turns away, wringing her hands. She stands a moment thinking, her back to the* PORTER, *who bends and twists himself in his endeavours to take in all her strange attire without moving from his position.* SOPHIA *turns, and he straightens himself with a jerk. She glides towards him, deliberately lowering her yashmak, and smiling adorably at him. He gazes enrapt on her beauty.*)

SOPHIA:

Tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine;
And not to forget the fair young lady
That did release him when close confined.

[*The* PORTER *bows low, "left-turns" smartly twice, and goes off L. with his peculiar goose-step march, to music.*

CHORUS:

Away, away went this proud young porter,
Away, away, away went he.
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
Then on his bended knee fell he.

CURTAIN.

FOURTH EPISODE

Seated C. back on two chairs of state, are LORD BATEMAN *and his young* BRIDE, *an insipid-looking girl. On another chair to the right sits her* MOTHER, *equally insipid, though with a sparkle of triumph*

in her eyes at the moment. A number of guests and bridesmaids are strolling about talking, some to LORD BATEMAN *and his* BRIDE, *some to the* MOTHER, *and some to one another.*

CHORUS *repeats the last verse.*

The PORTER *enters (goose-step) full of importance. The guests make way for him, and group themselves to hear the news. He advances and falls on one knee before* LORD BATEMAN.

LORD B. (*eagerly, for he is* very *bored*):

What news—what news have you, my porter,
What news have you brought unto me ?

(*The* PORTER *rises and faces the audience. He appears still to be gazing on a ravishing vision, and sings in a dreamy voice, with appropriate actions.*)

PORTER:

There is one of the fairest creatures
That ever my two eyes did see.

She has got rings on every finger,
And on one she has got three;
She's as much gold about her middle
As would buy half Northumberlee.

(*As he sings* LORD BATEMAN *grips the arms of his chair and leans forward staring at him. The* BRIDE'S MOTHER *rises and takes a step forward, locking her hands together. The* BRIDE *merely smiles insipidly and admires a ring on her own finger. The guests look at one another with expressive gestures*

PORTER (*turning to* LORD BATEMAN):

She bids you send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine;

(*impressively*)

And not to forget the fair young lady
That did release you when close confined.

(*At these words* LORD BATEMAN *springs to his feet. The* MOTHER *runs forward and lays her hand on his arm, and he turns impatiently and frowns at her.*)

CHORUS:

Then up and spake the young bride's mother,
That was never heard to speak so free:

MOTHER (*whimperingly*):

You'll not forget my only daughter
If so Sophia has crossed the sea ?

(LORD BATEMAN *obviously says "Pshaw!" and shakes off her hand, strides to the middle of the stage, angrily draws his sword, and in pure temper snaps it across his knee, and throws the pieces away. Some of the guests are shocked, others laugh, while the* BRIDE *and her* MOTHER *cling to each other R.*

CHORUS:

Lord Bateman then flew in a passion,
And broke his sword in splinters three.

LORD B. (*turning contemptuously to the* MOTHER *and her daughter, and pointing to the girl*):

She came to me with horse and saddle,
And she may go back in a coach and three.

(*He signs to the* PORTER, *who marches off L. The* BRIDE *falls weeping in her mother's arms, and both are hustled off R. by the bridesmaids.* LORD BATEMAN *strides off L. The guests put stools and chairs straight, and stroll about. The bridesmaids return and they all group themselves looking eagerly off L. to see* LORD BATEMAN *bring in his new bride. Soft beguiling music.*)

Enter LORD BATEMAN *and* SOPHIA, *followed by the* PORTER, *prouder than ever.* LORD BATEMAN *is gently drawing down the yashmak, telling* SOPHIA *it is not necessary in England.*

CHORUS:

Then he prepared another wedding,
With both their hearts so full of glee.

(*They advance, and he hands her to her chair. Then, standing with her hand still in his, he sings.*)

LORD B.:

I'll give up all my father's riches,
If so Sophia has crossed the sea.

(*He bends low, and again puts her hand to his forehead and to his lips, before he takes his place at her side.*)

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF THE UNDAUNTED FEMALE

CHARACTERS

THE CHORUS

A GENTLEMAN.
THE FIRST ROBBER.
FOUR OTHER ROBBERS.

THE UNDAUNTED FEMALE.

PROPERTIES

A small trunk.
A red cloak and gown.
Knives, pistols, etc., and a whistle.

ALTERED VERSES

In the Ballad.	In the Play.
This gentleman got off his horse to see what he had got.	This gentleman he knelt down to see what he had got.
He had three loaded pistols, some powder, and some shot,	He had three loaded pistols, some powder, and some shot;
Besides three loaded pistols, some powder and some ball,	Besides three loaded pistols, some powder and some ball,
A knife, and a whistle some robbers for to call.	A knife, and a whistle some robbers for to call.

THE UNDAUNTED FEMALE

N.B.—Much can be made of the Chorus in this play. Their dress should be that of country yokels of the early eighteenth century. They should stand in a stiff wooden row at the back of the stage. Their actions must be wooden, and absolutely simultaneous, and when not in action they should stand stiff as puppets with staring eyes.

The UNDAUNTED FEMALE, *R. front, who, though comely, is very tall and muscular, is folding her red cloak and gown, and laying them in a small heavy-looking trunk. She closes the lid and locks it with a goodly key, which she puts in a capacious pocket in her petticoat. She then lifts the trunk with ease (it would be effective if she first let one end bump heavily on the ground to show its weight) —balances it on her head, and begins to walk slowly but easily across and out L. at the last line of the second verse.*

During the singing of the first verse, the yokels stare straight in front. At the beginning of the second verse they simultaneously turn their heads and stare at the DAMSEL *packing her trunk. As she moves across the front of the stage their heads turn to watch her.*

CHORUS:

'Tis of a fair damsel in London did dwell,
A-waiting in her beauty which none there could excel.
Her master and her mistress she served seven year,
And what follows after you soon shall quickly hear.

She packed up her box with her red cloak and gown,
She packed up her box all to leave London town,
Her red cloak and gown, and the rest of her clothes,
And with her box upon her head from service she goes.

(*The* DAMSEL *passes out L., and all heads are turned in that direction.*)

HALF CHORUS I.:

She put her box upon her head and carried it along.

(*Here they take a step to the right, bending the right knee, and peer under their right hands at what is happening to the* DAMSEL *off L., while the second half chorus repeat the line. Each line might end with a strong chord on which the action is taken.*)

HALF CHORUS II.:

She put her box upon her head and carried it along.

(*They now repeat the action of the first half, who sing.*)

HALF CHORUS I.:

The first that she met was an able man and strong.

(*They stand upright, heads front, but eyes turned all the time to watch the* DAMSEL.)

HALF CHORUS II.:

The first that she met was an able man and strong.

(*They repeat the action of the first half chorus.*)

As they sing the DAMSEL *and the* MAN *enter L.; she balances the trunk on her head with one hand, while he leads her by the other. He is masked, and at his side is a ghastly knife in a sheath, and several great pistols in his belt.*

THE MAN (*in a hoarse roar*):

He said "My pretty fair maid, pray will you come with me,
And I'll put you in a nearer way across this country?"

(*He leads her to the centre of the stage, where she puts down her trunk on end.*)

CHORUS:

He took her by the hand, and he led to a lane.

THE MAN (*roaring*):

He said "My pretty fair maid, I'll tell you plump and plain,

(*He grips her right wrist with his left hand, and glares at her.*)

Deliver up your money without fear or strife,
Or else this very moment I'll take away your life."

(*The* DAMSEL *starts back, and covers her face with her hands as if in terror, but obviously watches the robber from behind them.*)

CHORUS:

The tears from her eyes like two fountains did flow.

DAMSEL (*with piteous voice, but ever-watchful eye*):

Where shall I wander, where shall I go ?

(*The robber meantime tries to draw his ghastly knife from its sheath. The* DAMSEL *steps softly behind him, and as the knife is drawn out, she bends the man's head back with one hand, while with the other she grips his wrist and stabs him with his own dagger.*

The CHORUS *all bend their knees, place their hands on them and stare with round eyes and open mouths, as she drags the body to one side L. out of the way. They then stiffen again and sing, their eyes always fixed on the* DAMSEL.)

CHORUS:

And while this young fellow was feeling for his knife,
This beautiful damsel she took away his life.

(*The* DAMSEL *picks up her box, puts it on her head and moves towards the right.*

The CHORUS *now repeats the actions of verse three, to the Left, the Second Half taking the lead.*)

HALF CHORUS II.:

She put her box upon her head and with it trudged along.

(*Chord and action.*)

HALF CHORUS I.:

Repeat. (*Chord and action.*)

HALF CHORUS II.:

The next that she met was a noble gentleman.

(*Chord and action.*)

HALF CHORUS I.:

Repeat. (*Chord and action.*)

The DAMSEL *is led on R. by a noble* GENTLEMAN, *with shining spurs and clanking sword. They stand R. front.*

GENTLEMAN:

He said My pretty fair maid, where are you going so late,
Or what was that noise that I heard at yonder gate ?

(*He points L. ; the* CHORUS *turn their heads in that direction and then back again towards the* GENTLEMAN.)

GENTLEMAN (*pointing*):

That box upon your head to yourself does not belong, (*Shaking his finger at her.*)
To your master or your mistress you have done something wrong;
To your master or your mistress you have done something ill, (*Laying his hand on her arm.*)
For one moment from trembling you cannot keep still.

DAMSEL (*setting down her trunk on end*):

This box upon my head to myself it does belong.
(*Shaking her head.*)
To my master and my mistress I have done nothing wrong;
To my master and my mistress I have done nothing ill.
(*Clasping her hands against her heart.*)
But I fear in my heart that a young man I did kill.

(*She turns to the noble* GENTLEMAN, *half smiling and nodding her head. The* CHORUS *also nod theirs.*)

DAMSEL:

He demanded my money, and I soon let him know,
For while he was fumbling I proved his overthrow.

(*She leads the* GENTLEMAN *across to where the robber lies. The* GENTLEMAN *kneels by his side and begins to disarm him.*

CHORUS:

She took him by the hand, and led him to the place,
Where this able young fellow lay bleeding on his face.
This gentleman he knelt down to see what he had got.

(*The* CHORUS *bend knees as in verse five, watching as the gentleman lays the pistols, etc., out ready for action. They sing the appropriate words as each article is produced.*)

CHORUS:

He had three loaded pistols (*pause while these are laid on the ground*), some powder (*pause*) and some shot (*pointing*),
Besides some loaded pistols, some powder, and some ball,
A knife—

(*Here the* GENTLEMAN *rises to his feet, putting a whistle to his mouth. The* DAMSEL *bends and picks up a couple of pistols. The* CHORUS *straighten themselves, eyes front, and continue rather quickly.*)

—and a whistle some robbers for to call.

(*The following verses should be sung rather quickly, and the action should be rapid.*)

CHORUS (*eyes front*):

He put the whistle to his mouth and he blew it loud and shrill. (*Gentleman blows whistle.*)
Then four stout and able fellows came tripping o'er the hill;

Enter four masked and heavily armed robbers R.

This gentleman shot one of them, and that most speedily.

(*The* GENTLEMAN *shoots, and one of the robbers falls flat on his face. As the other three advance one step, the* DAMSEL *fires both the pistols she has picked up, and two more fall on their faces. She falls on one knee, picks up and fires the other pistol, and the last man falls on his face.*)

CHORUS:

And this beautiful young damsel she shot the other three.

(*The* GENTLEMAN *looks round, then takes the* DAMSEL *by the hand and leads her to the Centre.*)

CHORUS:

When this noble gentleman saw all the robbers dead,
He took the damsel by the hand and thus to her he said:

GENTLEMAN:

I'll take you for my own bride for the deed that you have done,
In taking of your part and firing of your gun.

(*He leads her off right. The* CHORUS *turn their heads to watch them off, then take one step forward, bending the knee, and peer at the "dead" men. These sit up, and the* CHORUS *spring erect. The "dead" men rise and march off R. and L.; as they disappear the* CHORUS *take steps to the right and to the left as before, bending and peering under their hands; they stand erect, and the curtains close.*

CURTAIN.

THE MERRY JEST OF THE BARRING OF THE DOOR

CHARACTERS

THE BARD OR CHORUS.

THE GOODMAN.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN.

THE GOODWIFE.

PROPERTIES

A table.
A dresser.
A cauldron of boiling water.
Two dishes.
Black and white puddings.

THE BARRING OF THE DOOR

SCENE.—*A cottage room, C., a table, bare or covered with a check cloth, on the right side of which the* GOODMAN *sits smoking his pipe. There is another table or dresser at the back, on which stand two big dishes or bowls, which the* GOODWIFE *is filling with puddings, black and white, from a great pan or cauldron standing on the floor, all steaming hot. The room is dimly lighted apparently by candles, one on the table and one on the dresser, which are flaring and guttering in the wind, while the table-cloth, floor covering, or any loose scraps of paper, etc., are flapping and rustling in the mighty draught blowing in from the right. The wind whistles and moans, and a door bangs intermittently.*

CHORUS:

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our good wife got puddings to make,
And she's boil'd them in the pan.

(*The* GOODMAN *takes his pipe out of his mouth and looks over his shoulder to see what is the reason of the draught, during the first three lines of the next verse; turning to his busy wife, and pointing over his shoulder with his pipe-stem as he sings the last line.*)

CHORUS:

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,

GOODMAN:

"Gae out and bar the door."

(The GOODWIFE *turns her heated face towards him indignantly, steam rising from her bared arms, and a great iron ladle in one hand.)*

WIFE:

My hand is in my hussyfskap,
Goodman, as ye may see;
An it shou'dna be barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd for me.

(She puts down the ladle with a bang, dries her hands on her apron, and, seizing a basket of mending, seats herself determinedly at the opposite side of the table. The GOODMAN *obviously bids her again "Gae out and bar the door," bringing down his fist on the table. She looks at him fiercely, and leaning over the table ejaculates "NO" explosively, then sits back with angry satisfaction. She in her turn evidently tells him to "gae hissel'." He looks sullenly in the direction of the door R., looks at his wife, who is smiling with premature triumph, and mimics her explosive "NO." Both sit back, the wife busy sewing, the* GOODMAN *with his*

pipe in his mouth and a frown on his face. He surreptitiously turns his coat-collar up. She notices and smiles.)

CHORUS:

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure.
That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,
Shou'd rise and bar the door.

(*The candle on the dresser blows out. Both look round at it, and move as if to rise, but catching one another's eyes, they both sit back again. The* GOODMAN *openly pulls up his collar and buttons up his coat, laying his pipe down on the table and folding his arms. The* WIFE *draws out a foot-stool from under the table, puts up her feet, and goes on mending. A loud knocking is heard R.*)

CHORUS:

Then by there came two gentlemen
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle light.

The knocking is repeated, and in come the two gentlemen. The GOODMAN *and his* WIFE *look up at them, and then, glancing at each other, they resume their former positions.*

1ST GENTLEMAN:

Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor ?

CHORUS:

But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.

(The two gentlemen look at one another, shrug their shoulders, and turn towards the dresser, sniffing hungrily. They stride quickly towards it, and fall-to on the puddings, with great signs of enjoyment. The WIFE'S *face expresses her intense feelings as she sees her puddings rapidly disappearing, but a glance at her husband makes her tighten her lips to keep from speaking. He is torn between vindictive delight in her discomfiture, and personal distress at his own loss of a feast. The two gentlemen look from one to the other as they eat, and roar with laughter.)*

CHORUS:

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black.
Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spake.

(Having finished the puddings, or as many as they can manage, the two gentlemen are ripe for further mischief.)

CHORUS.

Then said the one unto the other—

1ST GENTLEMAN:

Here, man, tak' ye my knife;
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the goodwife.

(*He gives his knife to his friend, who takes it with a grin and a flourish, and looks round for some water.*

2ND GENTLEMAN:

But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than ?

1ST GENTLEMAN (*pointing to the steaming cauldron*):

What ails ye at the pudding-broo
That boils into the pan ?

(*The* MAN *and his* WIFE *have listened and watched with some trepidation, increasing in the* MAN, *but changing to mischievous delight in the* WIFE.)

CHORUS:

O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he:

GOODMAN:

Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And sca'd me wi' pudding bree ?

(*He is almost choking with rage. Up jumps the* WIFE, *scattering her basket of mending on the floor, gives three wild skips of joy, and as she sings the last line, she puts her arms akimbo, leans over the table, and finally snaps her fingers at her* GOODMAN, *who stares with an angry frustrated look, ruffles his hair with both hands, and turns to see the two gentlemen disappearing with the last of the puddings in a bag.*)

CHORUS:

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor:

WIFE:

Goodman, ye've spoken the foremost word!
Get up and bar the door!

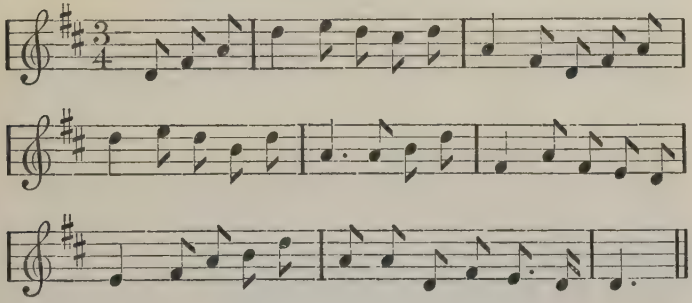
TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

APPENDIX

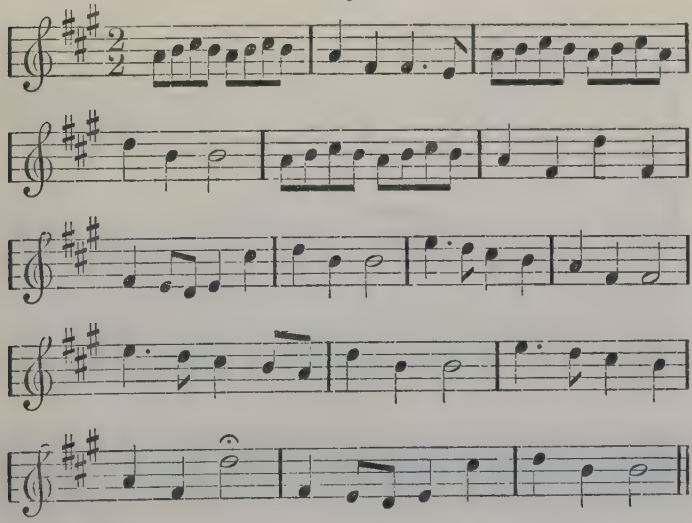
THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER

AIR: *My Faithful Fond One.*

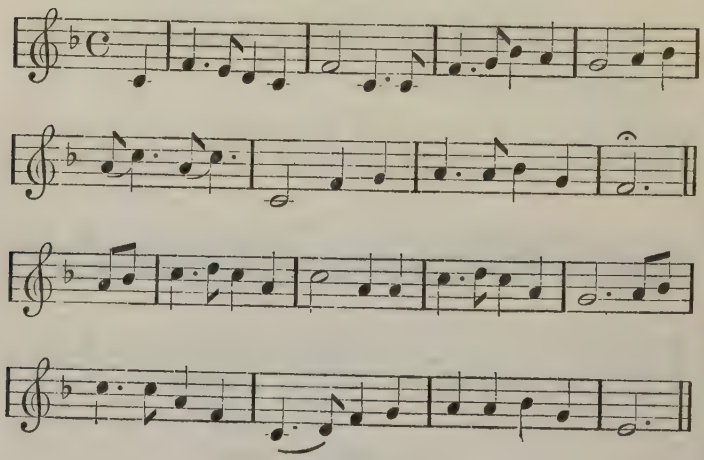


INCIDENTAL AIRS

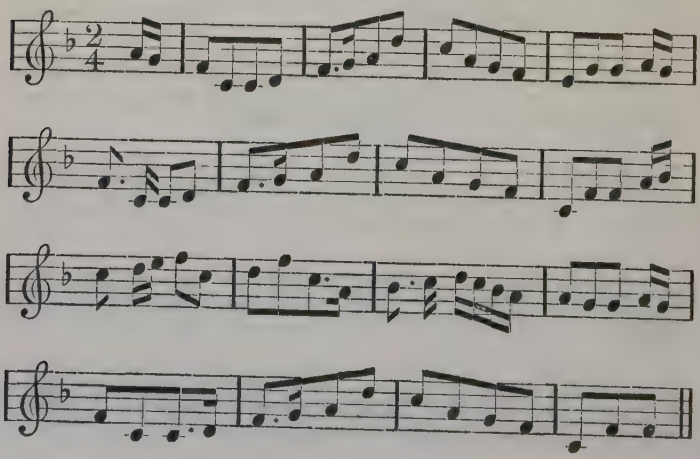
Over the Hills and Far Away.



Ho-ro, My Nut Brown Maiden.

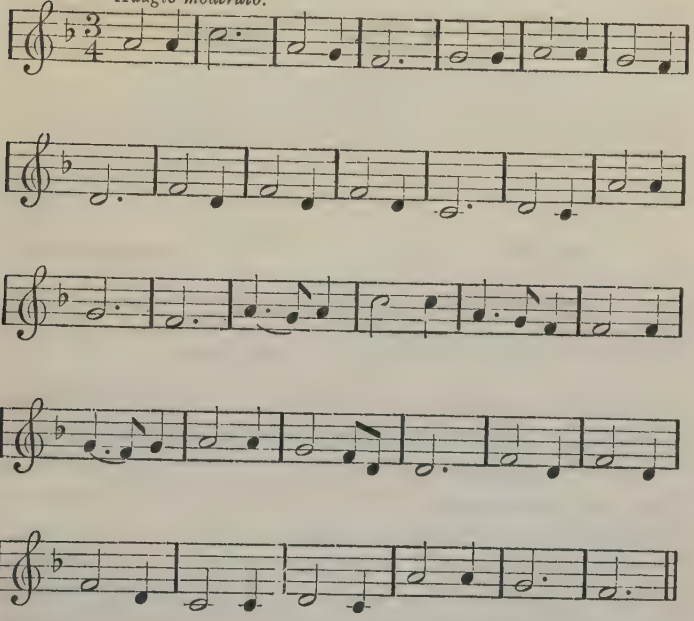


OLD SCOTTISH AIR: *Here's to Thy Health.*



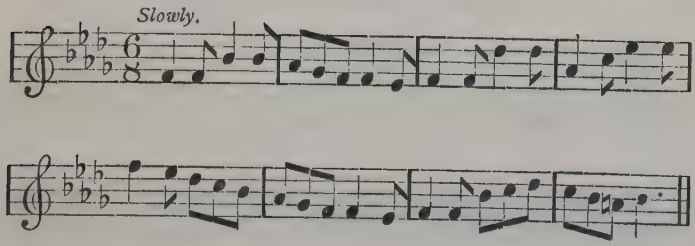
The Mackintosh's Lament.

Adagio moderato.

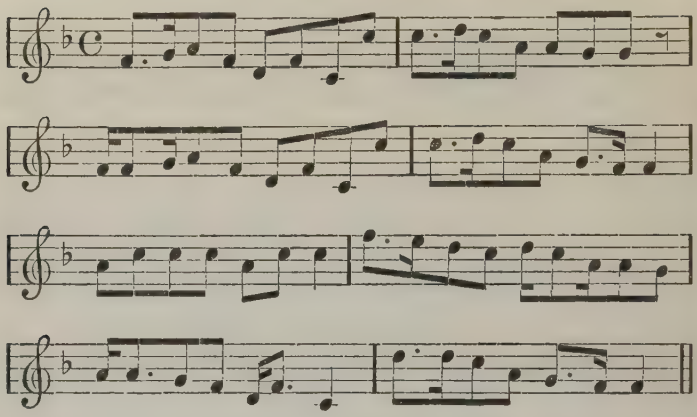


O She's Bonnie.

Slowly.



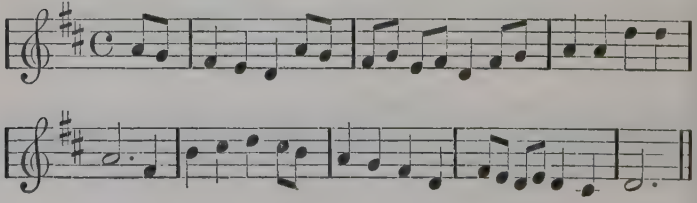
Old Scottish Air: *Will Ye No Come Back Again?*



It is suggested that "Ho-ro, My Nut Brown Maiden" should be used as a motif for Captain Ogilvie's entrances; "Here's to Thy Health" as the soldiers' march; "The Mackintosh's Lament" for the degrading of Captain Ogilvie to the ranks; "O She's Bonnie" for Lady Jean's wanderings; "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" for the Duke's entrances with his suite. The "Keel Row" might be used in the ship episode.

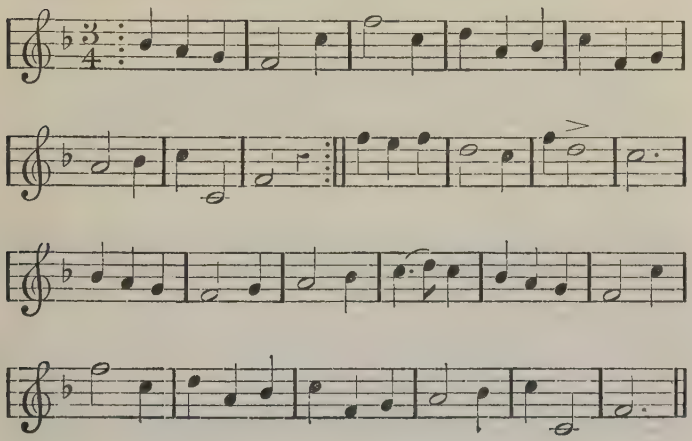
THE HEIR OF LINNE

Air: *The Bailiff's Daughter.*

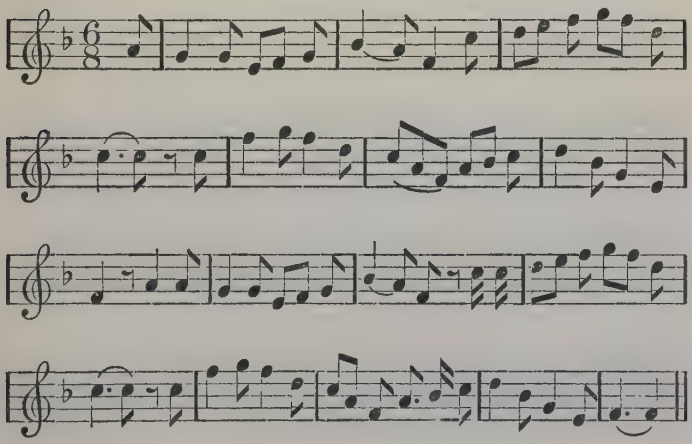


Incidental Airs

Air: *Fill Every Glass.*

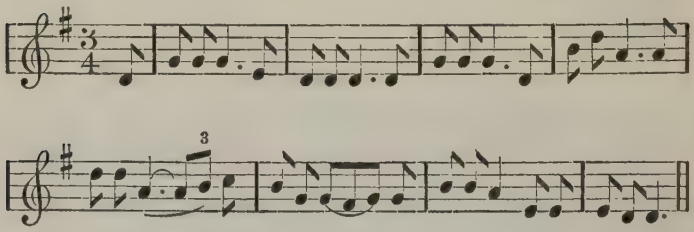


Air: *The Good Old Leathern Bottle.*



LORD BATEMAN

AIR: *Traditional.*

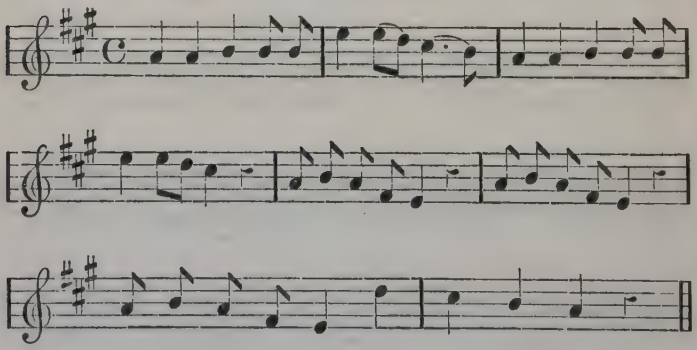


INCIDENTAL AIRS

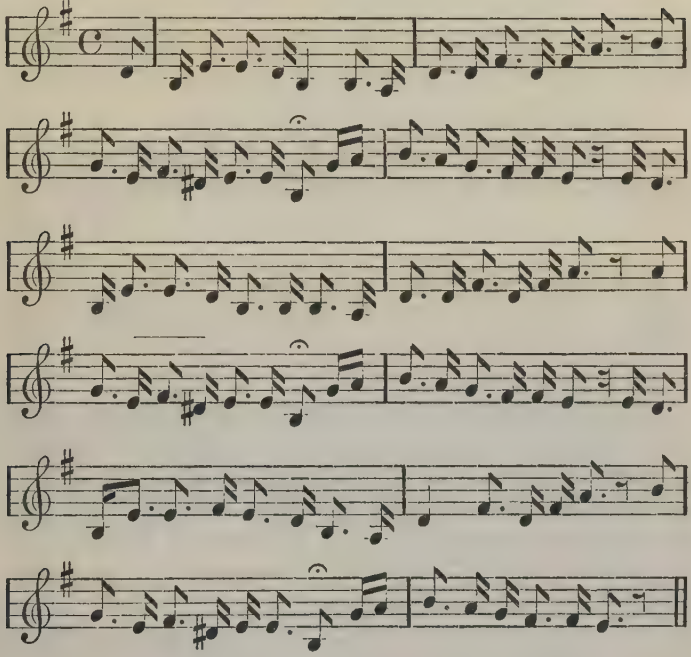
AIR: *Here's to Thy Health.*

(*See Soldiers' March in "The Duke of Gordon's Daughter."*)

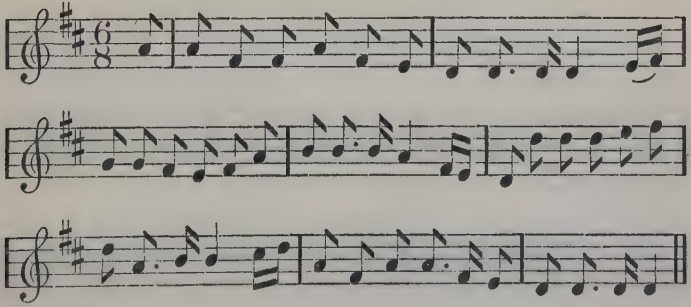
AIR: *The Keys of Heaven.*



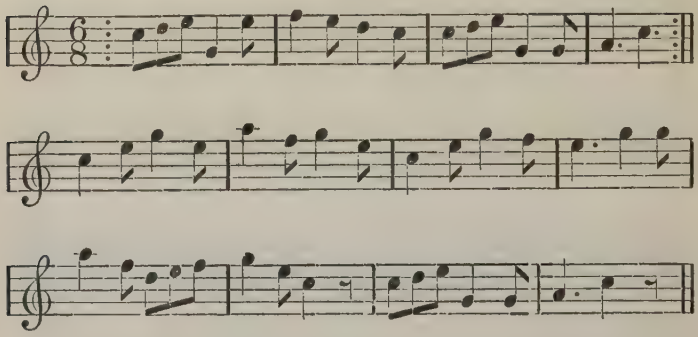
AIR: *Robbie Tamson.*



AIR: *The Water of Tyne.*



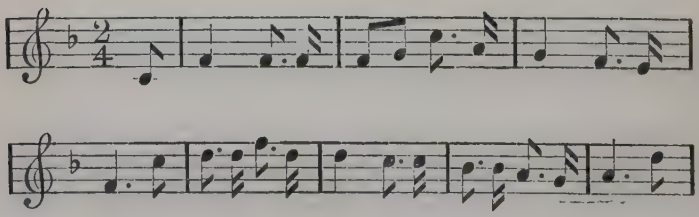
AIR: *Merrily Danced the Quaker's Wife.*

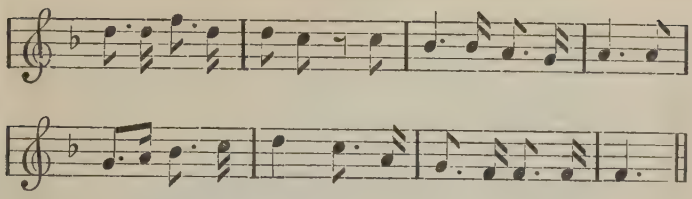


"Here's to Thy Health" might be played during the First Episode; "The Keys of Heaven" when Sophia is freeing Lord Bateman, and again at her entry in the last episode; "Robbie Tamson" during the slaves' procession; "The Water of Tyne" for the Third and "Merrily Danced the Quaker's Wife" for the Fourth Episodes.

THE UNDAUNTED FEMALE

AIR: *Traditional.*

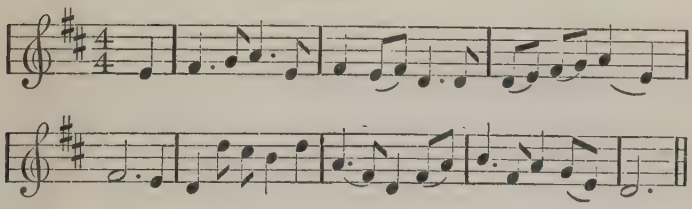




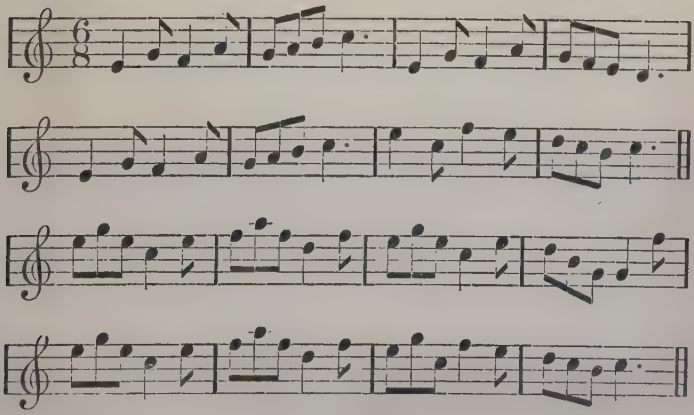
No incidental music is required.

THE BARRING OF THE DOOR

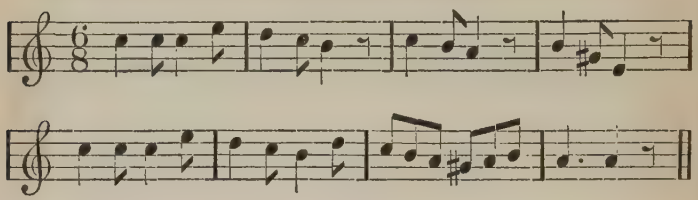
AIR: (*The Bailiff's Daughter?*)



AIR: *Nursery Rhyme.*



AIR: *Dame, Get Up and Bake Your Cakes.*



AIR: *Here's to Thy Health.*

(*See Soldiers' March in "The Duke of Gordon's Daughter."*)

AIR: *The Good Old Leathern Bottle.*

(*See "The Heir of Linne."*)

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